

I Cry

By Anthony Talbert

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Some cry when things seem to whirl wind out of control
Or cry when they want to be held,
But there's no one to hold.
Growing up I was told that the eyes are the windows to
The soul.
So I cry to cleanse my soul of all the torment it
holds.
I cry for that man doing time because another man told.
I cry for that bronze complexioned sister who doesn't
Realize that her body is gold.
..I cry..
I cry for the victims of nine-eleven.
And I cry for those Bishops, Priests, and Reverends who just can't
To keep their hands off of those little boys who are
Nine, ten and eleven.
I cry for the homeless who endure winter nights.
And I cry for those who refuse to walk with their heads
Held high because they are afraid of heights.
I cry for those who are looked over because of a felony
conviction.
Or those of you battling addiction,
Or that abused child who is scarred with afflictions.
I cry for that bastard handing out a million years all because
He's in a position
To judge.
But one day he too will be judged.
I even cry for that gay population who is judged.
And I cry for Jesus because,
Not only did he cry, but
He died because he was judged.
I cry for you because I was once you.
A man who is too cool to cry for me too.